

Lies (Sequel to 'I See Red')

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Summary: McFly/McBusted fan fiction (mainly Pudd.) Tom and Danny are getting married, and Matt and James are on the guest list, whether Dougie and Harry like it or not. With Matt and James now a happy couple, it shouldn't be a problem anyway...right?

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Tom, Danny, Harry and Dougie sat in a tense silence, until Harry finally spoke.

"Matt's coming?!" _he spat.

"Well, yeah. And James. That's okay isn't it?" Danny shifted uncomfortably.

"Yeah, yeah it's fine!" Dougie reassured him, unconvincingly. Harry shot him an angry look.

Tom interjected quickly, sensing an argument brewing. "Have you spoken to them since the last show?"

"No of course I fucking haven't!" Harry snapped. "Why would I want to? Especially after what he did to Dougie." Dougie stayed silent, staring intently at his hands in his lap.

"Okay, I know you're still pissed off, but this isn't about you," Danny said gently. Tom nodded, obviously very unhappy. "They're still our friends, and we want them there, end of story." Just then, their food arrived, giving them a welcome distraction.

After they'd been eating for a few minutes, Harry put his knife and fork down. "You're right. I'm sorry, I was being a twat. Matt did what he did, but it's finished now. I'm not going to ruin your day, I

promise." He smiled, but Dougie was glowering, still silent.

Tom let out a sigh of relief. "Oh thank God, because I really want you guys involved. I've got so many ideas."

"He's already got a, what do you call it?" Danny frowned, struggling to remember the word. He clicked his fingers, "a Pinterest board!"

Tom went red. "Danny! You said you wouldn't tell them!"

Danny grinned sheepishly. "Oh yeah. Sorry."

Tom sighed. "Whatever. So I was thinking white roses"

Danny's reaction to this was so violent he almost knocked over his drink. "We will bloody not have white roses!" he said hotly. "Fucking hell, Tom!"

"What?"

"'What?!' White roses are Yorkshire! Wrong side of the Pennines, is what it is! Flaming Nora, you can't have white roses at a Lancashire lad's wedding!" He shook his head in disbelief.

"Jesus! Alright, what colour then?" Tom replied, bemused

Danny looked at Tom like he'd asked what colour an orange is. "RED! Red for Lancashire! Haven't you heard of the War of the Roses?"

"What happened at the War of the Roses?" Tom asked innocently.

Harry smirked. "Yes Danny, what did happen at the War of Roses?"

Danny looked awkward. "Um...well I don't actually know. There was a war. And some roses. But anyway: NO. WHITE. ROSES." He drummed his point into the table with the end of his fork.

Harry chuckled and took a sip of his drink. "Yeah, that's what I thought."

Tom frowned. "Okay, I get it. I think. I don't want to start a diplomatic incident." He turned to Danny. "No white roses, I promise. Anything else?"

Danny shrugged. "Nah, I don't mind, really. Turn up dressed as a pumpkin if you like."

Tom's face brightened. "Ooh! Autumn wedding!"

Danny squeezed Tom's hand. "If you like. That gives us more than a year to sort it all."

Harry raised his glass. "I think this deserves a toast. To Tom and Danny." The other three joined him, but Dougie was less than enthusiastic. His mind seemed to be elsewhere.

At Harry's (which was quickly becoming Harry and Dougie's, if not yet

officially) that night in front of the TV, Dougie was still quiet, and Harry finally noticed. "You alright? You've hardly spoken since we got home."

"Mmm, yeah. I'm fine"

"You don't _sound_ 'fine.'"

"Oh don't. I don't want to start an argument." Dougie shifted on the sofa to lie down with his head on Harry's lap. "I'm too tired to go over it all again," he mumbled.

Harry sat up to look at him properly, meaning Dougie had to grudgingly move as well. "Well you can't just say that! If I've upset you I want to know. What have I done?"

Dougie rolled his eyes and turned to face Harry. "Okay, fine, but don't flip out, because this needs to be said. Especially with the wedding coming. It's not what you _did_, it's what you _said." _

Harry swallowed nervously. "Okay"

"Right, and I like said, I don't want an argument." Dougie hesitated. "It's what you said about Matt" He sighed when he saw Harry's face darken. "Wait! Give me a second. You said what he did 'to' me."

"Right" Harry tried to keep his voice even.

"But that's not what happened! It's what he did _with_ me. I know you don't like it, but I'm just as responsible as he is. You can't keep hating him, like I'm just this _thing_ that he stole from you. I did it because I wanted to. And I'm sorry, I'm really sorry it hurt you. But you can't just blame him."

Harry nodded slowly. He turned over what Dougie had said in his head in silence, then finally nodded again. "Can I ask a question?"

"I guess? If you're sure you want to know the answer."

Harry considered this and decided he did. "Who"who started it?"

"Oh! Well" Dougie took Harry's hand into his lap and carefully traced his fingers over the back of it, not looking Harry in the eye. "Well, I guess Matt started it. But then after that nightand when I woke up and you were goneThen I kind of went after him" He glanced guiltily up at Harry. "I'm sorry! But that's what I mean when I said you shouldn't just be mad at him. And that's why I'm not angry with James, or at least not like you are with Matt."

Harry was still quiet, but he nodded and took Dougie's hand in his, their fingers interlaced. He sighed. "I know, you're right. I'm not really angry with him. I'm angry with myself for how I acted. It was my fault as well. I just find it hard trusting him now. It might not just be his fault but he definitely knew what he was doing. He knew you were mine."

"Hmm" Dougie sighed and changed the subject. "Hey, can I lay down

again? I was comfortable before." They snuggled down on the sofa and watched TV for a few minutes, Harry idly playing with Doug's hair, before Dougie spoke again. "Okay, if we're doing questions, can I ask one? It's a bit weird, you don't have to answer."

"What?"

"What was it like? With James, I mean." Dougie felt Harry chuckle slightly.

"It wasâ€¦okay. It was fine. Neither of our hearts were in it. We just didn't want to be alone."

"Oh, that's good. I always imagined you had this amazing time with himâ€¦"

Harry laughed properly now. "No! It wasn't _horrible_. But it was definitely not a good idea. Okay then Butty, so what was it like with Matt?"

Dougie thought carefully about what he was going to say. "It wasâ€¦awkward. The way it ended, anyway. It wasn't so bad before that. I think because he reminds me of you. He likesâ€¦" Dougie covered his mouth, snickering. He sat up, trying to keep his laughter in.

"What?!" Harry was smiling just at the sight of Dougie laughing even though he didn't know the cause.

"Um, this is a secret, okay? Let's just say he likes to be 'bossed around' as well. Not as much as you though. He's nowhere near as fun. You're special." Dougie grinned.

"Really?! I didn't expect that. I imagined him having you pinned down andâ€¦"

"Nope, that didn't happen. Actually I was the one that fuckedâ€¦"

"Dougie! Okay, now I'm a bit jealous. You've only done that to me once."

Dougie raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, and do you remember what a barrel of laughs you were the next morning?"

Harry winced. "Yeah, okay, don't remind me. I guess you never see him now anyway." Dougie said nothing, but Harry didn't appear to notice. "It's weird, but I'm glad we talked about this. Avoiding stuff only makes it worse."

"Yeah, I guessâ€¦So how do you think you'll be about me seeing Matt?"

Harry screwed up his face. "Honestly? I hate it. But I suppose this time it's out in the open and I won't have to be imagining things. That was awful. And you know I've never actually _forbidden_ you to see him, butâ€¦well I guess now that McBusted is over I don't have to anyway."

Dougie furrowed his brow, but decided not to pursue that.

"Hmmâ€|Anyway, I need a slash. You keep squeezing me too hard."
Dougie kissed Harry quickly and headed upstairs to the
bathroom.

Closing the door, he took his phone out of his jeans and dialled a
number. After a few moments of waiting, it connected. He kept his
voice low. "Hiâ€|yeah about that, I don't think it's such a good
ideaâ€|yeah I know, but still, Harry would freak out if he knew. I
don't want to hurt him." He listened to the voice on the other end.
"No, it's not like he actually said I couldn't, well not
reallyâ€|Okay, okay, you're right. I'll see you tomorrow, Matt.

End
file.